THINK SAFETY
AND
WORK SAFELY
AT ALL TIMES!

The Textorian

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Increase your payroll savings to your family limit
FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 33 GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1943 FOUR PAGES

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

American convoy, off the coast of Sicily, under bombardment from German planes. Behind the smoke and spray of battle 2,000 American and British ships stretch out beyond the horizon. Note the Army "duck" in the foreground; an amphibian truck for carrying men and supplies on land or water. Invasion will cost 10 million dollars an hour this year as the price of victory. Are you buying War Bonds to reach victory sooner?

U. S. Treasury Department

Naval Hero Tells Cone Mills Employees Of War In Pacific

Veteran Of Seven Major Naval Actions Speaks In Recognition Of The Excellent Production Record Of Cone Mills; Relates Experiences In The Pacific War Area; Lieutenant Ryan Thanks Workers For Efforts

You could almost hear the 16-inch shells whistle, so vivid was the description of actions in the Pacific by Chief Gunner's Mate O. J. Starrett, of the United States Navy, when he spoke before the approximately 7,000 employees of the local mills, Wednesday afternoon. "When I go back out there in a few weeks, I want to be able to tell those boys fighting in the Pacific that their folks back home are not going to let them down, he declared, in speaking in recognition of the excellent production record of the four local mills which have been working at government order since Pearl Harbor.

Chief Gunners Mate Starrett participated in the seven major Pacific battles of the present war and is recuperating from a severe schrapnel wound in the stomach before returning to active duty.

The program, arranged as praise from Capt. R. T. Hanson, U. S. N., Atlanta, Ga., who has jurisdiction over factories producing war orders in the southeastern district, was presided over by Bernard M. Cone, chairman of the board of Proximity Manufacturing company. Mr. Cone introduced 12 former employees of the mills who are now home on furlough from armed service and Lt. J. M. Ryan, of the office of undersecretary of the navy, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Ryan, after thanking the audience for its excellence in maintaining vital war production and urging workers to "give everything that you can possibly give, every effort that you can possibly put forth" in helping the navy carry out its tremendous task of keeping fighting men supplied, introduced Gunner's Mate Starrett.

The major speaker related his experiences in the Pacific war area. He fought in the initial battle of Guadalcanal, had five ships sunk from under him, received the Purple Heart for being wounded in action and returned to the United States on December 26, 1942—"the swellest Christmas present I ever had".

Declaring that the country's fighting men are giving their all to win this war and citing instances where his companions have stood at their battle posts until the posts were blasted away from them, the naval hero urged local workers to maintain the same determination for victory that is showed on the world fighting fronts.

Introduced at the 30-minute ceremony, which began at 2:45 o'clock, were the following former Cone employees home on furlough:

Seaman 2nd Class Roy K. Stanley, Gunner's Mate 3rd Class George Newby, Pfc. E. C. Guthrie, Seaman 2nd Class Sanford A. Pruitt, Gunner's Mate 1st Class Johnny Hornady, Corp. Colon Powers, Pvt. Dallas Lowe, Seaman 2nd Class Junius Franklin, Pvt. Joseph F. Whitt, Pvt. Eugene Dodson, Pvt. Herbert Faircloth and Corp. Russell Leonard.

Mr. Cone gave an excellent motto for war industry to follow when he declared that America's fighting men would probably urge producers on the home front as follows: "Don't let up! If you let up, you let us down! Don't let up!"

The program Wednesday was the second official honor which has come to the local mills, the Army-Navy E award being presented local workers on May 15th, this year.

All four mills were closed from 2:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. in order that all employees might attend the event.

REVOLUTION NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. David Blake and children spent several days with relatives near Albemarle recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brewer and children are spending this week end in Hemp, with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Melton and son, Harlie, spent last week end in Hillsville, Va., with Mr. and Mrs. Eli Melton and Mr. P. B. Beamer.

Miss Mary Miller and Miss Lila Faye Burchan, of Galax, Va., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mac Fulk.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Stoneman, of Revolutio Apartments, spent last week end at Virginia Beach.

Miss Helen Lefler has returned after spending a week with her parents in Norwood.

Prox. Baby Clinic

Janith Lineberry and Floyd Thomas Stutts, Jr., were new members at the Proximity Baby Clinic on Wednesday afternoon. Other members present were: Harry Shaw McDonald, Linda Carol Phillips, Shirley Fay Mitchell, Lavern Medley, Vernon Leon Phillips, Mary Ann Pegram, Barry Lemons, Lewellyn Trogdon, William Howard Robertson, Delane Nabors, Gypsy Parrish, Bobby Jones, Harry Lee Brezeale, Dickie Russell, Larry Wayne Scruggs, Herbert McElvaine, Jr., Lynda Kay Wilson, Ronald Lee Fisher, Michael George, James Richard Crabtree, Eddie Stanley and Shelby Nabors.

A special guest at the Clinic was Linda Marie Tate of Philadelphia, Penn., who with her mother and brother are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Julian Tate on Fairview street.

Revolution Community Club To Meet Friday

The Revolution Community Club will hold its regular monthly meeting Friday night at 6:30 at the welfare building. Please note the change of time due to the revival at the Baptist church. There will be a short but very important business meeting, and every one is urged to attend.

Local Schools Will Open Next Tuesday

The three schools of the local communities, Proximity, Ceasar Cone, and East White Oak, will open next Tuesday, September 7th.

At Proximity school, in addition to the eight elementary grades, two years of high school work will again be given.

It is very important that all children be present on time the first day of opening, and parents are urged to see that their children are there.

Rev. Baby Clinic

The following babies attended the Revolution Baby Clinic, Wednesday afternoon: Michael Strickland, Everette Mills, III, Grace Brown, Martha Brown, Ann Hilliard, Freddy Moore, Donald Talbert, Larry Kirkman, Janice Roberts, Hubert Keith Brewer, Kenneth Ritter, Louise Brewer, Harlie Melton, Linda Fulk and Robrt Noah.

W. O. Baby Clinic

The following babies were present at the Clinic, Wednesday afternoon: Julia Pickard, Kelly Evans, Floyd Franklin Myrick, David Herrin, Johnnie Layton, James Beal, Ruth and Harvey Guffey, Thomas Rumley, Jerry Causey, Elle Smith, Ellen Redding, Clark Coffer, David Robinson, Norma Apple, Ann and William Vance Trollinger, Nancy Marie Whitt and Ann Marie Capps.

Dr. Keith will be in attendance at the Clinic next Wednesday.

A heavy bomber, cruising at 250 miles an hour, burns three and one-third gallons of gasoline every minute.

Where His Money Goes

Bill Joe Culver, 14, of Herd, Oklahoma, is a Four-H raiser of prize Herefords. He's earned that sheaf of War Bonds from the sale of his prize calves, and from prizes at stock shows. Young Culver has already purchased $1,125 worth of bonds, and intends to keep on purchasing.

Washington Snapshots

by JAMES PRESTON

Facing the returning Congress in the middle of September are a score and more of problems affecting American industry. Chief among these is the Administration program to get some type of compulsory manpower and womanpower legislation. For, convinced of the inadequacy of the latest valuntary compliance program, the Administration is expected to press for such a program probably in the form of a modified version of the Austin-Wadsworth National Service Bill.

The fact that the labor draft issue has become intertwined with the prospective drafting of fathers indicates that the coming session will see a bitter manpower struggle.

As for tax legislation, Congressional circles see it coming after January first and then it will be strictly a rate bill. An Administration tax bill is expected for separate consideration next year.

Renegotiation and contract termination will be major topics, grade-labeling regulations, standardization, and simplification are other issues affecting established business practices.

There will be amendments proposed to the Price Control Act eliminating all farm price ceilings; revision of the patent system; creation of machinery for the disposal of surplus government materials; and legislation requiring all government agencies to file financial reports with Congress.

There will be public hearings soon on the Hobbs Anti-Racketeering Bill which would make unions liable for prosecution under the antitrust laws A wide variety of amendments will

(Continued on Page Four)

Home Sewers Find Easy-to-Sew Cottons Smart and Thrifty

Right For Fall And Winter

Statistics show that more women are sewing at home than at any time in recent history. An estimated 65 million patterns were sold last year, one for every woman, girl, and child in the United States. Spurred on by wartime economy and encouraged by the tremendous amount of help available in the form of information and suggestions in magazines and newspapers, American women are sewing a fine seam when they're off-duty at the plant, factory, or office as well as during moments snatched from the farm or the garden—and loving it.

Beginners and experienced seamstresses alike are using a lot of cotton for their fall and winter wardrobes. Cotton knows no season. Depending on how they're spun and woven, cotton fabrics can be as warm for winter as they are cool for summer. And, as the girls who made their own spring and summer clothes discovered, cottons are easier to cut and handle than most fabrics—in addition to their virtues of easy washability, economy, and good looks.

Wisely, the smart woman chooses colors and patterns and weaves that will blend with each other and form a harmonious scheme so that her wardrobe will have as much versatility as possible. Each garment must fit into the whole plan as neatly as the pieces of a picture puzzle. Patterns, too, should be chosen for versatility, each garment being selected to serve as many purposes as possible.

Some of the lighter cottons have become popular classics the year round, according to the Cotton-Textile Institute and the National Cotton Council. Gingham, for instance, always first choice for the youngsters' school dresses, are being used for classroom and office frocks for their older sisters, for brunch coats and pinafoes for home duty, and for street and shopping dresses for mother.

A girl who's clever with her needle shouldn't find it too difficult to whip up her own fall coat or jacket of corduroy or hollowcut velveteen. A simple boxy style can be worn over everything in her wardrobe, including suits, or if she already has a knock-about coat that will do for sports, she might choose an "Officer's Coat" pattern that looks well over all daytime and date dresses.

All the cotton pile fabrics are naturals for suits, too. An increasing number of wide-wale plush corduroy and velveteen suits are being seen in the stores and on smartly dressed women which should give the home sewer some hints.

Cotton-Lined Coats

Quilted cottons in a peasant design are, as always, a favorite lining in Lanz winter coats. He chooses calicoes with intriguing patterns of little people and houses on red, green, and yellow backgrounds so that the coats will have a young and gay effect when worn unbuttoned.

Speaking of coats, alpaca and wool fleeces, woven on sturdy cotton backings, are again tops for the younger generation of school girls. They have the warmth of furs without their sophistication—nor do they require the care fine furs must have.

Put Your Payroll Savings on a Family Basis
Make 10 per cent Just a Starting Point
FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF

Elvin Lee Owen Rites Conducted

Injuries Received From Traffic Accident On Sunday, August 22, Cause of Death

Funeral services for Elvin Lee Owen 17, of 2509 Campbell street, were conducted last Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m. at Carraway Memorial Methodist church. Rev. J. P. Hipps, pastor, was in charge, assisted by Rev. W. L. Cockman, Randleman, Rev. Harold Loman, Gibsonville, and Rev. W. A. Way, pastor of Edgeville Pil[illegible] Holiness church. Interment [illegible]d in Forest Lawn cemetery.

[illegible] youth was injured Sunday, [illegible] 22nd in a collision of a motorcycle and a bus near Revolution ball park, and died last Saturday morning at 3:45 a.m., at Wesley Long hospital, where he had been since the accident.

He was a lifelong resident of Guilford county, and is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Owen; two brothers, Bernard and Claude, and four sisters, Edith, Louise, Ruth and Lois, all of the home.

Pallbearers were Raymond Loman, Roland Clapp, Jack Long, John Schoolfield, Richard Wheeler and Jack Cooper.

RIPPLES OF HAW RIVER

Sgt. James Johnston has returned to Fort Rodman, Mass., after spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Johnston.

Lester James, A. S., has returned to the U. S. Naval Training station, Great Lakes, Ill., after spending a leave with his wife and his parents.

H. E. Hendry and sons, Jimmy and Dickie, have returned after spending a week at Soloman Island, Md., where they visited relatives.

C. L. Reed who has been seriously ill for the past 10 days is much improved.

Mrs. J. B. Hughes and Mrs. J. B Hughes, Jr., have returned from Lakeland, Fla., where they visited Pvt. J. B. Hughes, Jr., of the U. S. Army.

Hardy B. Collier of Portsmouth, Va., spent the week end with his wife.

Sgt. Glenn Reed has returned to Camp Chaffee, Ark., after spending a 10 days furlough with his father, C. L. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Jones announce the birth of a son, August 31st, 1943.

Finley Allen, S.2c has returned to the U. S. Naval Training station, Great Lakes, Ill., after spending the past few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Allen.

Mrs. Raymond P. Neese has returned after spending 15 days in Miami, Fla., where she visited her husband, Raymond P. Neese, Bm. 1c of the U. S. Navy.

Paul Snotherly S. 2c has returned to the U. S. Naval Training station, Great Lakes, Ill., after spending a leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]land Snotherly.

[illegible]TICE:—

The White Oak Girl Scout Troop will not have a meeting next week, but will have their first meeting of the new Scout year, on Tuesday afternoon, September 14, at 4:30 o'clock at the welfare building. Every Scout is asked to be present.

Decoration Given To Haw River Flier

It has recently been learned here that Lieutenant James W. Gillespie, better know as "Jimmy", to his many friends in Haw River, was among several North Carolinians to be decorated for the intense action the Eighth Air Force has been carrying on against Nazi Germany and German-occupied territory in Europe. Jimmy was awarded the First Oak Leaf Cluster to his Air Medal.

The exploits recognized in the awards cover a period of several months.

The decorations, numbering more than 1,000 and going to men residing in every state in the union and the District of Columbia, include the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal.

Winners of awards from North Carolina, included:

Distinguished Flying Cross: Bruce D. Barton, captain, Greenville.

Second Oak Leaf Cluster to Air Medal: Jesse C. Hall, Jr., first lieutenant, Mebane and James W, Poe, staff sergeant, Sanford.

First Oak Leaf Cluster to Air Medal: James W. Gillespie, first lieutenant, Haw River; Hugh G. Ashcroft, first lieutenant, Charlotte; Joseph B. Clements, Jr., first lieutenant, Raleigh; Earl E. Ellis, first lieutenant, Asheville; John G. Hunt, first lieutenant, Oxford; James M. McDonald, first lieutenant, Hamlet; Clyde W. Carlton, technical sergeant, Lexington; Eli C. Rogers, technical sergeant, Williamston; Winfield V. Long, staff sergeant, Kings Mountain; Samuel O. Maxwell, staff sergeant, Gerton; Fred S. Vance, staff sergeant, Minneapolis.

Air Medal: Albert R. Lambert, technical sergeant, Greensboro; Arthur R. Poston, technical sergeant, Kannapolis; Ralph C. Ward, staff sergeant, Durham; Elwood F. Hairr, sergeant, Salemburg.

Proximity Kindergarten Will Open September 7

Enrollment Period Is Between September 7th And Thru September 13th

Proximity Kindergarten will begin Tuesday, September 7, at 9:00 o'clock. The period of enrollment will be from September 7th thru September 13th. After that no child will be enrolled unless illness prevented his enrollment at the proper time. In this case, the parent or some member of the family, should place his name on the kindergarten roll during the first week.

Children from four to six years of age are eligible for enrollment, provided their birthday comes on or before October 1.

Each child entering kindergarten is requested to bring the following information in writing: Full name, present age, date of birth (month and year), parents' name and address.

Stews Stretch Meat

Stews rank high as point stretchers. A small amount of meat may be extended with a variety of vegetables to provide a satisfying main dish.

Lamb, beef and veal are equally good. For vegetables in addition to the old favorites—onions, potatoes and carrots, try squash, turnips and cabbage wedges. Vegetables left whole or cut in uniform pieces add much to the appearance of a stew. Serve them in mounds around the meat and thicken the gravy; serve separately.

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

School Days

When our fighters fly at 400 miles an hour with a Jap Zero or a Messerschmidt on their tails there isn't much time for cogitation so the Army and the Navy show as many motion pictures of actual dog fights and air battles as possible to our student fliers.

Pictures of trainer flights, bombing flights and flights by fighters are all a part of the routine for our student pilots and must be drilled into them just as it is necessary for us to remind ourselves daily of the necessity to buy an extra $100 Bond in September.

In Days Gone By

(Taken From Our Files)

10 Years Ago

Misses Beulah Stout and Lucille Kee returned Sunday night from the Century of Progress Exposition held in Chicago.

Mr. Clete Craven got as far as Norfolk, Va., last week end before his gas gave out.

Mrs. Maude Davidson and daughter, Inez, and Miss Alma Heffner spent last week in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Parrott and children and Mrs. Alfred Welchel visited in South Carolina during the week end.

Misses Ophelia and Annie Belle Morris visited friends in Summerfield, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch and children visited friends in Danville, Va., Sunday.

15 Years Ago

Mrs. R. C. Moreland and children, Hazel and Emma, motored to Spartanburg, S. C., Sunday.

Mr. Franklin Frye, of Statesville, is visiting his son, Mr. John Frye, at his home in Proximity.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Rhodes and son spent Sunday visiting in Ramseur.

Mr. J. W. Hanner and son, Paige, have retured home after vacationing in Wilmington.

SPEAKING OF HEALTH

By DR. VICTOR G. HEISER
Medical Consultant Nation Association of Manufacturers

It Hurts

Pain is defined as suffering, either mental or physical, which is extreme degree is spoken of as agony. It is due to excitation or a form of stimulation and may arise from any part of the body. To most of us, the response to pain is simple—it hurts. In this respect our reaction is like that of children.

The pain or hurt creates in us an urgent desire for its immediate relief. It may sound strange to say that pain, in general, is nature's method of protection, of warning us that something is wrong. Pain is most important as a danger signal — a red light warning.

We must not deny ourselves the protection that pain gives us, by not substituting for it the result it is intended to accomplish. Often this is very simple—we have a pain in the head, in the legs, in the arms, along the spinal column, because these parts of our bodies are calling out for physical rest.

Various Pains

Doctors are accustomed to classifying the various types of pain. They take nothing for granted. In that way it is easier to make a proper diagnosis and to advise adequate treatment.

A pain may be local, such as in a bruised finger; it may be general, with pains and aches in most parts of the body, such as following a severe fall, or being struck by an automobile; pain may be of the hidden type, such as in neuralgia; it may be due to involvement of nerves, as in neuritis; and finally, there may be mental pain. Of course, two or more of these types of pain may afflict a person at one and the same time.

From this classification, it is clear why the doctor makes careful inquiries to try to determine the exact location of a pain, and to decide why there is pain in the first place.

Following Through

The first thing the intelligent man or woman will do when pain strikes is to follow, in simple yet practical ways, the steps the doctor takes—to locate the pain exactly, and to try to make up his or her mind as to the possible cause, if such is not obvious.

One other step must be taken, with a cool head and a clear mind, and that is, to decide if the service of a physician is needed immediately, or whether delay is safe. A life may depend on this decision.

The best rule to follow—when in doubt, see the family doctor. Let him decide the facts of the case; a pain in the abdomen may be caused by too much or the wrong kind of food and drink, or it may be the danger signal for appendicitis.

Don't gamble with your life, or that of your child. When "it hurts," get the facts, and get them straight.

A Soldier Speaks

So you're sick of the way the country's run, and you're sick of the way the rationing's done,
And you're sick of standing around in a line, you're sick, you say — well that's just fine.
So am I sick of the sun and the heat, and I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies, and I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing-shriek, and I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive, and I'm sick of seeing the dead alive,
I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din, I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
And I'm sick of the slaughter—I'm sick to my soul, I'm sick of playing a killer's roll,
I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell, and I'm even sick of myself as well.
But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule, and conquered lands where the wild beasts drool,
And I'm cured darned quick when I think of the day, when all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain, and the lights of the world will blaze again,
And things will be as they were before, and kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axis flags will be dipped and furled, and God looks down on a Peaceful World.

White Oak News

Mr. Charlie Wilson is seriously ill at his home, 2513 Maple street.

Mr. Julius Capes, who is with a ship building company in Wilmington, N. C., is spending two weeks with his wife at the Twelfth street apartments.

Mrs. Ed Sossaman and children of Salem, Va., are spending this week with her mother and sister, Mrs. Freda Flintom and Mrs. Ed Spivey.

Miss Doris Lucas and Miss Esther Bailey spent the week end with First Sgt. George R. Flintom and Staff Sgt. Theodore Long at Camp Stewart, Ga.

Miss Elaine Nall returned Saturday after spending three weeks with her aunt, Mrs. E. L. Troxler. Elaine's mother, Mrs. Earl Nall visited Mrs. Troxler, Friday, and returned with Elaine on Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Wrenn left Wednesday for Amarilla, Texas, to visit his son, James Sharp Wrenn (Jack) for several days.

Mrs. Donald Johnson and Miss Lois Porter will spend this week end in Washington, D. C., visiting Mrs. Johnson's husband, who is a Chief Pharmacists Mate with the Navy.

Thurman Dunn, son of Mrs. Isaac Smith, 1421 Nineteenth street, has returned after a nine day furlough to the Great Lakes Training station, Chicago, Ill.

Pfc. Garvey Smith is spending a fifteen day furlough from his Army post in Alabama, with his mother, Mrs. Dora Smith, and his brother, Ralph Smith, at his home, 1422 Nineteenth street.

Mr. W. G. Sommers is recovering at his home from a recent illness.

Mrs. Harry Moore is recuperating after a tonsillectomy at a local hospital.

Pvt. Hubert Taylor of Charleston, S. C., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Taylor, Seventeenth street.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fain is ill at her home on Sixteenth street.

Mrs. Carson Rhew, 14th street, is a patient at St. Leo's hospital, where she had an appendectomy.

Friends throughout the community are glad to hear that Miss Minnie Fields is improving after an illness of several weeks.

THE TEXTORIAN

Published every week except during Summer Vacation week and Christmas week

H. M. LEONARD - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

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No communication of any sort or description, whether news or expressions of opinion upon any topic, will be published unless accompanied by real name of writer. The name will not be published unless consent is given.

PROXIMITY — PROX. PRINT WORKS — SEAL OF CONE FABRICS SERVICE — WHITE OAK — REVOLUTION

Greensboro, North Carolina, Friday, September 3, 1943.

The Guilty

Pinning the guilt for the war, the suffering, the persecution, upon individuals in order that they may be punished may not be so difficult, but will it adequately serve the purpose that punishment should serve? It is true that Hitler, Mussolini, Goering, Himmler, Hirohito and others of their kind should be made to suffer the tortures of Hades, but after they have been punished, will justice have been served in its entirety? Our contention is that those power-craving fiends could not have brought about situations that have thrown the world into a bloody, barbaric cataclysm if the people, the average citizen of those fascist countries, had thought clearly and had the courage to back up honest convictions. Certainly, adults in those countries could have prevented the nazis and the fascists from instilling in the minds of their sons and daughters the iniquities and doctrines which made of them non-thinking tools of war, destruction and persecution instead of sane human beings.

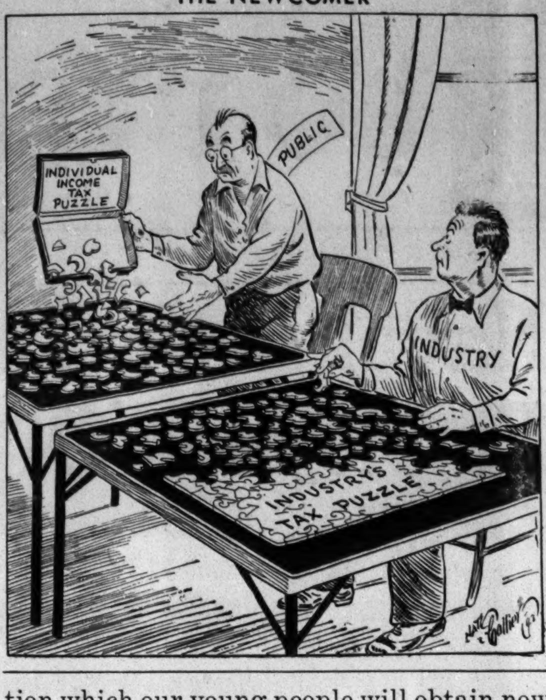
If this nation after the war loses its democracy and becomes a totalitarian nation, we might be able to single out certain individuals and place the blame upon them, but by so doing we would not be adequately placing responsibility. It is true that we have people in this nation, some of whom are very capable and very powerful, men and women who are imbued with the type of cunning, psychological approaches and even impelling oratory such as was possessed by fascist leaders during the days of their ascendancy, who are vitally interested in converting this nation from one of freedom of opportunity and free enterprise to a collectivistic or totalitarian nation.

If they are successful, certainly upon their heads rests the crime of destroying freedom for a freedom loving people, but the sole blame will not be theirs. The freedom loving people will be responsible for their own loss of freedom, for those ambitious people, who in the name of planned economy would sacrifice our freedoms, would be helpless in their ambitions and plans if the American people became truly aroused to the dangers of regimentation, collectivism and totalitarianism.

Shortly after the war we will pass through a most serious crisis insofar as our American freedoms are concerned. During the war it is more or less necessary to centralize controls and to sacrifice certain freedoms and privileges in order to concentrate our strength and efforts against the common enemy. If the sacrifices and freedoms for war purposes are continued and are permitted to form a basis upon which to build totalitarianism, then, indeed, our land of opportunity and freedom, our land of free enterprise, will become no more and no less than a land of fascism although it would never be called such but would bear some new high-sounding name.

Again we want to emphasize the fact that the people in this country can either cause this nation to become a fascist type nation or can preserve free enterprise and freedom of opportunity. It is our right and privilege to say, and no leaders, regardless of who they may be or what impelling powers of speech or personality they may possess, can make the change in this government if the people really think the matter through and really do not desire it. They are responsible for the type of government we will have, and they, too, are responsible for the type of education which our young people will obtain now and in the future. In that connection, they should not lose sight of the fact that the type of education that the children of America will receive will have a lot to do with the type of government we will have in the future. If the children of this country are trained, as were the youth of Germany and Italy, to expect, want and demand totalitarianism, then we cannot escape it. Therefore, on the shoulders of John and Mary, Jim and Rebecca, and every other citizen of the country falls the responsibility of deciding whether or not we want to maintain free enterprise and freedom of opportunity or whether we want collectivism and totalitarianism. It is for them to decide whether they want the youth of this nation taught to demand freedom of opportunity and free enterprise or to seek the type of slavery that totalitarianism inevitably brings.

THE NEWCOMER



Reading & Writing

by Edwin Seaver & Robin McKown

Larry Lesueur, correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting company, was in the Soviet Union from October 1941 to October 1942. In October 1941 the Germans had almost reached Moscow. In October 1942 they were being driven out of Stalingrad. Mr. Lesueur considers these twelve months to have been of crucial importance, not only for the Russians, but for the entire course of the war. He writes about them in his book "12 Months That Changed the World."

His assignment in Russia was not to make long reports on military strategy. Rather, his job was to pack into his daily broadcasts fresh, colorful and revealing bits of news and human interest material which would help Americans to know what life was like in the Soviet Union in wartime. He follows the same technique in his book. He has a reporter's gift of looking and listening; he reports vividly and clearly what he saw and heard.

Among the many people with whom he talked was Major Valentine Grizadubova, one of the three women who wear the gold star of a "hero of the Soviet Union" and the only woman to have led an all-male squadron of heavy night bombers. "There are many women in the Soviet Union who are fighting for their country," she told him. "They are especially good in the air. The youngest girl in the Red Air Force is seventeen, and the oldest is a woman navigator of forty-five."

The barricades had been removed in Moscow long before Lesueur left, but every morning the streets were filled with great piles of wood, brought in by voluntary woodchoppers for the purpose of heating houses for which there was no longer coal. One day the entire corps de ballet turned out to help load wood on the trucks at the riverside. The next da yit was announced from the stage at the ballet that the premiere ballerina, Messerer, was unable to appear. She was too stiff from hauling wood. That gives us an idea of what the Russians mean by an all-out war!

* * *

"Angel of the Navy" by Joan Angel; "The WAACS" by Nancy Shea; "Yes, Ma'am" by Auxiliary Elizabeth R. Pollock—these are a few of the new books that tell how American women are going to war. One of the most amusing—as well as informative—of such books is "All-Out Arlene" by H. I. Phillips (soon to be made into a motion picture) which tells of Arlene Applegate who left her good job as model secretary for the advertising agency of Batson, Munch and Twiggerfizz to join the WAACS because, she figured, the only way to win a war was to get in there and fight.

* * *

"Paris—Underground" by Etta Shiber, the true story of two women who helped some 200 English soldiers to escape out of France, will be an October selection of the Book-of-the-Month club. The club is also sending its members for the same month "C/O Postmaster", by Corporal Thomas R. St. George. Corporal St. George is with the American forces in Australia, and his book is a colorful and humorous account of his experiences in the army.

QUALITY

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We provide such service at all times for those who need it.

HANES FUNERAL HOME
401-405 W. Market St. Dial 5158
Greensboro

Homemakers Should Guard Against Wasting Food On Home Front

The two greatest enemies on the food front are those individuals who waste and the one who hoard. Wasting not only means food loss, but money loss as well, and hoarding prevents individuals from getting their fair share.

Food is vital to the war effort, and advantage must be taken of every opportunity to prevent its waste. Fifteen per cent of our food supply is wasted in our homes. Some is thrown out because we buy beyond our needs; some is wasted by improper storage, and other food is wasted by wrong cookery methods . . . for example, shrinkage in meat cooked at high temperatures and loss in overcooking of vegetables.

Homemakers know the extent of this waste in the home, and often by taking inventory of their habits can find ways to avoid it. Here are a few questions we can ask ourselves to see how we stand as waste wardens. All "yes" answers rank you as a soldier on the Home Front.

1. Do you plan your food purchases carefully in advance of shopping, and buy the quantities best suited to your needs?

2. Have you observed the amounts of food consumed by your family at each meal, in order that you may prepare enough but not too much?

3. Do you store foods as you should?

4. Do you store meat in the coldest part of the refrigerator. (Fresh meat loosely covered and cooked meat closely covered to prevent drying.)

5. Do you wash and drain salad greens, such as lettuce, radishes and celery before storing in a cold place?

6. Do you store fruits in a cool place and handle them gently so as not to bruise them?

7. Do you leave eggs unwashed to retain the protective film that keeps out air and odors and store in a cool place?

8. Do you see that no milk goes to waste?

9. Do you cook meat at low or moderate temperatures to prevent shrinkage and burning the fat?

10. Do you strain, save, and use the fat?

11. Do you combine left-over meat and vegetables for new dishes—(1) stews; (2) pies; (3) croquettes; (4) scalloped dishes, and (5) salads?

12. If you peel vegetables, do you peel them thin?

13. Do you save bread and cracker crumbs for stuffings, dressings, and other meat extenders?

14. Do you save vegetable juices for soups, sauces, cold drinks, or appetizers?

15. Do you save fruit juices and syrups from can ned fruits for use in sauces, fruit drinks and desserts?

16. In hot weather do you store bread and cake well wrapped in the refrigerator?

COTTON HOSE CLOTHE LOVELY LEGS

Every day brings new evidence that cotton stocking are approaching their zenith on the fashion horizon. The trend can be seen in smart windows from Maine to California, and in the pages of the magazines that govern feminine taste in fashion.

Lord and Taylor in New York started the ball rolling with the "gayest stocking story since the 90's". This bang-up fashion show featured, with the latest styles, eye-catching colored lisles and meshes to match or contrast with costumes. Further dramatizing the idea of cotton clad legs, there was a series of specially done hand-painted and polka-dot printed lisles—designs scattered over fine stockings and guaranteed to wash. Tantalizing blacks flaunted full-brown roses at each anskle, with another just below the knee while another pair of blacks had blue bows climbing up the clocks.

Some of the meshes make one think that cottons have been spun into cobwebs. A filament mesh is ideal for tramping the pavements on busy days 'tending to business or doing volunteer chores when the need is for a stocking to stand up under it all. Ladder web is another cotton mesh to wear pedaling a bike, hiking in the country—wherever the country wife or college girl needs plenty of sturdy mileage.

Then there's a new version of rib stocking with a double-patterned effect that's just right with corduroys and tweeds and warm enough to be comfortable in winter — yet with plenty of leg flattery. Another lightweight pattern lisle has a new ingrain effect and is a practical accesssory with casual clothes.

Seldom has style been so practical as in cotton stockings, especially as cold weather approaches.

Crocheted Pot Holders

Patterns are available for charming pot holders to be rocheted in the form of dolls and animals to decorate your kitchen. Yarns used are inexpensive cotton, in bright colors to match or blend with your color scheme.

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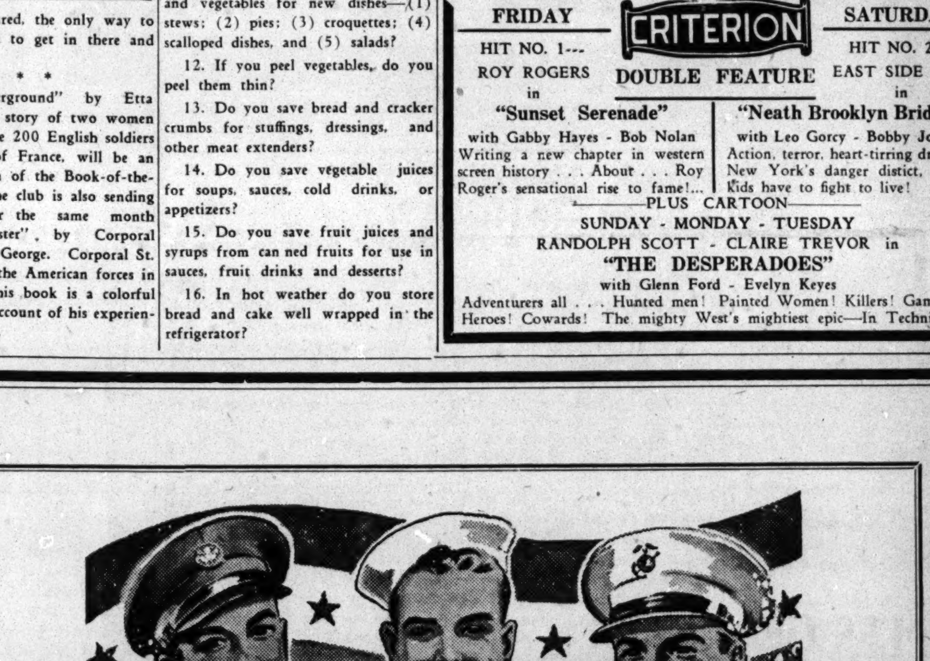

HOME ON FURLOUGH? IF SO, WE WANT YOUR PICTURE!

Textorian Started Individual Column For Service Men Home On Leave

Do you have a boy home on furlough? If you have, or if you know of one, we'd like to have his picture in the Textorian.

Of the more than 900 boys in service from our communities some of them are back with us each week on furlough. We'd like to have their picture so that we can run this column each week.

Pictures will be made in the photographic department of the employment office at Revolution at any time it is convenient for one of our boys home on furlough to drop by.

The cooperation of parents and friends in letting the boys know of this service mens column will be appreciated.

Let Our Boys Know! Let's Run His Picture When He Is Home!

See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

SYNOPSIS

Private Hargrove continues to relate the incidents surrounding his camp life and tells about being outfitted for an overcoat. A week-end is spent on maneuvers on the South Carolina coast. He gets a good case of sunburn.

CHAPTER VII

One of the nicest things about working in the kitchen in Battery C of the 13th Battalion has been the knowledge that its number-one chow hound, Buster Charnley, would drop around after supper and the conversational fat. It's like a letter from home to listen to Buster's slow and mournful drawl, and his refreshingly dry humor is a pick-me-up at the end of a long, hot afternoon.

Buster came prancing up the chow line, the other evening with a grin that started at the back of his head end enveloped his face from the nose down.

"What's eating you, Walter," I asked him, "—besides that egg-sucking grin?"

"Leaving here, boy!" he sang. "You won't see me around for three months. And when you see me, son, you'll see stripes on my sleeves and a look of prosperity on my clean-cut Tarheel face!"

The man behind him wanted to get to the mashed potatoes, so Buster had to move on down the line, I got the whole story from one of the kaypees while I waited for him to make his evening call.

Of the 200-odd men in Battery C, two men had been selected for three months' training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. At the end of their three months, they will come back as gunnery instructors, with a non-commissioned officer's rating and a specialist's extra pay on top of that. Mrs. Walter Charnley's little boy Buster was one of the two men selected.

I was chopping kindling for breakfast when Buster came around again, and I painted Fort Sill as a nest of jack rabbits, gophers, and rattlesnakes and assured him that Battery C was sending him to school to cut down the grocery bills. If we hadn't been insulting each other in a friendly fashion for years, I would have told him that I wasn't particularly astonished and that I was sure he'd make a good instructor and the kind of noncommissioned officer the boys borrow money from.

Battery C will miss Ole Buster while he's away. The cooks will miss him because he always remembers to compliment them when he likes the meat loaf or the cherry cobbler. The mess sergeant will miss him because he livens the kitchen when it comes his turn to do kaypee. The boys will miss him because he's one of the best-liked boys there.

One of the sergeants near here came back from a recent leave with one of the most glorious shiners that ever darkened the human eye.

"Run into a door?" I asked him.

"Gave a guy the wrong answer," he replied simply, "or rather, the answer he didn't want."

I looked at his face; his teeth were all there and his jaw was still in one piece. I looked at his hands; the knuckles showed the marks of service.

"I was at a party," he went on, "when this fellow who lives next door to my folks wants to know 'how's the morale in the Army?' 'Excellent,' I tell him; 'excellent!' He looks me up and down sort of pitying-like and wants to know don't I read the magazine stories about how poor it is. Well, I tell him, 'I spend all my time with the boys and I believe what I see more than what I read.'

"He goes on from there making cracks at the Army and the country and the suckers we are for giving our time for what's not worth fighting for in the first place. I listen politely for a while, because even though I'm not in uniform I don't want to look rowdy. I stand as much as I can and then I ask him to his feet. It isn't long before his three brothers join the fight. It was one of the brothers put his finger ring in my eye."

"Brother," I told him, "that ain't a black eye. That's a badge."

"I lost the fight," he said.

"You won the argument, though," I told him.

"I'd like to use the sergeant's name, but he made me promise not to."

"I told the Old Man," he said, "that I got the shiner playing baseball."

* * *

"How can I fit you into a coat" moaned Supply Sergeant Israel, "with you fidgeting around like a race horse at the post? Stand still, dern you, stand still!"

"Heavens to Betsy, Thomas," I complained, "you're getting to be the fussiest old maid in the outfit. I'm not squirming!"

"In the first place, my man," he said, "don't call me Thomas or try to get overly familiar with your elders and betters. In the second place, don't argue with me. In the third place, don't fidget in the first place. And in the fourth place, don't agitate me unnecessarily. I'm at the end of my patience with you and I ain't feeling in no holiday spirit anyway."

I buttoned the handsome winter blouse and he stepped back to inspect it with the eye of an artist. "Every time my wife gets mad at me, she has her picture taken to send to me. The picture I got today showed she's going to eat my heart out unmercifully when I can't put off my furlough any longer and I have to go home. And with domestic difficulties on my hands, I have to fit your winter uniforms."

He yanked at my coat tail, straightened the collar and scratched his head. "Hargrove—37 long," he yelled to the boy at the desk.

"Man that is born of woman," I comforted him, "is of many days and full of trouble."

"Git off the platform and into this overcoat," he sighed. He held the coat while I got into it and he slapped my hand for fidgeting again. "Sometimes I wonder why I go to so much trouble keeping you boys dressed right. Here I spend the whole afternoon wiping sweat out of my eyebrows, just to see that your clothes fit you and you won't look like a bunch of bums—which you are.

"Do you know what some ungrateful kitchen termite said the other day? He started putting it around that the Army could double itself in half an hour by filling up the extra space in its trousers. Do you trousers fit you bum?" He straightened the pleats in the back of the overcoat and gave the tail an unnecessarily vicious yank.

"Did I say they didn't?" I groaned, raising my arms despairingly. "Just because somebody else says you stretch the coat in the back so the man will think it fits right in the front, you have to go picking on me!"

"Me pick on you?" he screamed. "It's a wonder my nerves ain't completely shot! Do I come around and put signs on the door saying, 'Walk Up One Flight and Save Five Dollars'? Do I throw gunny sacks on your bed and ask you to take up the cuffs two inches?

"With my thankless job, it's a wonder I haven't collapsed before this. I wish I was a permanent kitchen police instead of a supply sergeant. Hargrove—37 long! NEXT!"

* * *

"This battery is my baby," Corporal Henry Ussery said, loosening his belt for a real bull session. I've watched it grow from thutty-one men to what it is now, but it's worth it when you look around and see what you've done."

The assembly sighed en masse and decided to loosen its belts. Ussery was wound up again.

"When I got here, there wasn't anybody here but the instructors. We spent four weeks eating dust and running rabbits. There I was—I'd spent thutteen months learning the old drill and tactics to where I reckon I had it down better than any man in the whole Army. Then they started this 'minute Army,' with a bunch of green ignorant Yankees—and I had to teach them what they had to know!"

The bull session nodded wisely and Corporal Ussery went on. "Now, this young Corporal Joe Gantt, for instance. Now, this Corporal Gantt, when he first came in, was one of the greenest rookies in the bunch. But he snapped out of it and made corporal in four months."

"Was that soldiering," a voice broke in, "or handshaking—as the Latins used to say, mittus floppus?"

"Much as I can't stand Gantt, I'll have to admit it was soldiering. That's the way it is. You sweat your head off hammering the drills and the calisthenics and the military courtesy and guard duty and the physical hygiene and the manuel of arms into them. They're all clumsy and awkward as a bear in an egg crate at first, but then you can see them, after a while, snapping into it and getting better and better. By the time we've had them thutteen weeks, and they're ready to be assigned to their posts, they're as keen and alert as a bunch of West Point cadets. They're extra good cooks and better soldiers."

"Isn't a good soldier a specialist at griping and growling?" somebody asked him.

"When a soldier can gripe," the corporal announced in a pontifical manner, "he's happy as a pig in the sunshine. When he doesn't gripe, there's something wring with him. That's another thing you learn. When you first come here, you didn't know the first principles of griping. You griped about the clothes; you griped about the beds; you griped especially about having to go to bed at nine o'clock."

"Griping is an art, just like goldbricking is an art. Before you leave here, you learn that you don't enjoy griping a bit when you spread your energy all over everywhere, griping about everything. You learn to choose one thing and specialize in griping about that.

"If you want to be a specialist at griping, you have to get on your toes. You get to where your clothes are comfortable. Where you used to think the food was terrible, now you pretend that you don't get enough of it. You like the beds and by nine o'clock you're sleepy. So you have to find something special to gripe about. If you haven't got any originality at all, pick you out one special noncom and gripe about him.

"Now, you take Private Hargrove, for instance. First came here, he griped about me telling him he was carrying his rifle wrong. Now he gripes when I tell him he's carrying it right. He might have something there. He still carries it like it was a 75-millimeter gun. He's getting so shiftless, even at griping, that he can't find anythig to beef about except not getting any mail. I'm going to write all his creditors, so he won't even be able to gripe about the mail."

"That reminds me," I said. "Did I tell you boys what Sergeant Taylor told me about Ussery today?"

"Nine o'clock!" Ussery shouted. "Lights out! Break it up!"

* * *

Somewhere on the wild coast of South Carolina, the battalion in which I cook is being treated to a weekend to combine business with pleasure. We can romp in the Atlantic while we get a "taste of the field." With the wind blowing the sand into kitchens and pup tents alike, it will be nice to get back to Fort Bragg for a taste of the food we eat. A vexed soldier here doesn't grate his teeth. He chunches them.

We made the trip here in lorries, which are the mechanical age's nearest approach in appearance to covered wagons. You've probably seen them rolling noisily but smoothy through town — large canvas topped trucks with a folding bench down each side inside. You'd expect to be hauled out of one of them, beaten to death, at the end of a 130-mile trip. They give a tolerably bumpy ride, just tolerably.

When we started pitching camp, about a quarter of a mile back from the beach, we found the place already inhabited—by cannibals. These creatures, which masquerade as harmless flies and even camouflaged by the harmless sounding name of sand flies, must have vampire blood back in the line somewhere.

I don't bear any grudge against the easygoing, good-natured house fly—in fact, I feel rather cruel when I squash one for tickling me—but it arouses my pioneer fighting spirit to see a stunted horsefly light on my bare leg, make himself sassily comfortable and start draining off my life's blood. But what can you do? Slapping one only serves to make him mad at you.

At night we sleep, or at least we simulate sleep, in pup tents made by our own hands, with loving care, blood, sweat, tears, two pieces of waterproof cloth, two lengths of rope, and a handful of turned lumber.

I share my little duplex with Private Warren, the new student cook who told me the story about the man at the boarding house. When I stumbled home last night, primed to the gills with a blend of sand and salt water, I discovered that we had an overnight guest! The chief cook on our shift, in the task of packing the field kitchen, had neglected to put his own field pack (tent half, blankets, etc.) on the truck, so he decided to drop over and have us put him up for the night.

A pup tent, as you probably don't need to be told, will accommodate two men, provided neither of them walks in his sleep. If three men are to sleep in one tent, at least two of them must be midgets or babes in arms. Cooks should never sleep two to a tent, because of their tendency toward plumpness.

We arranged ourselves in the tent by wrapping knees around the tent poles, putting all feet outside for the night and raising one side of the tent high enough to make a rustic sleeping porch of the whole affair.

The guest proved to be one of those loathsome creatures who pull all the covers to their side of the bed. We had quite a lot of trouble with him, since he slept in the middle and rolled up in both our blankets. We remedied this by waiting until he started snoring, then recovered our blankets, rolling ourselves in them and throwing a raincoat over him.

The three-man arrangement was very uncomfortable for a while. When I finished opening my eyes by scooping the sand from them, I found that I had rolled through the opened side of the tent and spent the night under a myrtle bush ten yards down the slope.

During my first off hour, I succeeded in getting a tan which must have darkened the very marrow of my bones. My chest, back, and legs looked the color of a faded danger flag and smelled like the roast pork that the cook forgot to watch. After that, the surf and the sun went their ways and I went mine.

(Chapter VIII next week)

NITRITION and HEALTH

Q. Why should fats be included in the diet?

A. (1) They are the most concentrated source of energy
(2) They spare thiamine (vitamin B.)
(3) They carry fat soluble vitamins
(4) They contain essential fatty acids.

Q. What is the function of the essential unsaturated fatty acids?

A. They are essential for skin health.

Q. Which fat is especially rich in the essential unsaturated fatty acids?

A. Lard.

Q. How should drippings be stored to preserve their food value?

A. Store in tightly covered containers in refrigerator.

Q. Is fat difficult to digest?

A. No. All common fats are easily and almost completely digested.

POLAND'S FOUR YEAR STRUGGLE ----

Poland, invaded September 1, 1939, is one of the United Nations that's suffered most under German occupation.

Official Polish figures up to last May estimated Nazi murder toll at 3,200,000, including 1,800,000 Jews.

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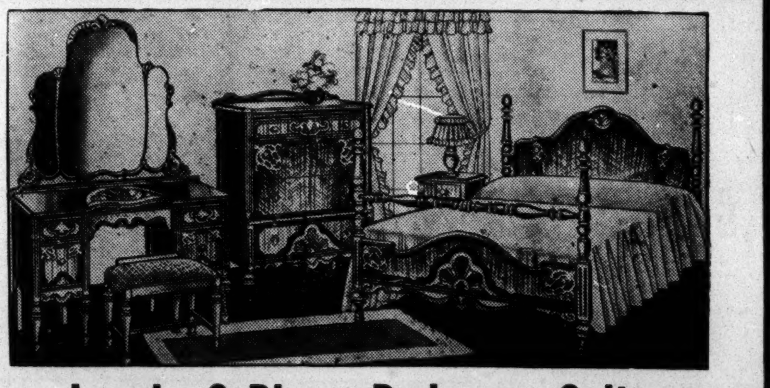

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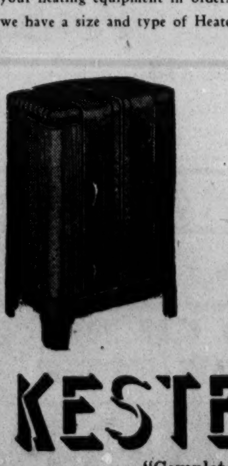

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THIS BUSINESS OF *Living*

BY SUSAN THAYER

"Lady, We're Good"

It was the wee sma' hour of 3 A. M. in the soldiers' lounge of one of America's great railroad stations. Men in uniform sprawled over the sofas and chairs catching a few winks of sleep before their trains left. Others were writing letters or listening to the radio. Still others came up to the snack bar for something to drink.

"What'll it be?" Coffee was the favorite even on this hot night, and there was a brightening of the face and a "please" when a doughnut was offered. But some preferred a cola drink, or lemonade, or iced tea.

Some boys said "thank you" when they were served, or "that's good coffee," or "this is mighty fine"; others seemed to take it for granted and turned away without a word. But there were all kinds there that night: a cross section of our armed forces with an occasional representative from one of the allied armies.

There wasn't much time for talk between the women at the counter and their guests. But a few words were exchanged now and then. "It's a hot night" or "I had a long train ride today" or "Just think, I'm on my way home!"

Then came the conversation about the bottle cap that I'll always remember. A fine-looking young man with the gold bar of a second lieutenant and a ribbon that proclaimed overseas service came up and asked for something cold; he chose the cola drink. A new bottle was brought out and the tight little pasteboard cap finally pulled out.

"So that's what they're using now in place of metal caps!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand.

I gave him the little cap which he examined carefully while I mixed his drink. Then came the remark. "We'll win the war all right," he said quietly. "I've seen our tanks. I've ridden our planes and they're great. The best there are. But it's lilttle things like this that impress me most; changes that have come since I left the country. You simply can't stump our industry. The Japs thought, when they took our rubber and tin, that we'd be up against it. But we're not. We always manage. In fact, lady, we're good!"

"As good in our factories as our armed forces are?"

He smiled in appreciation. "Yes Ma'am, just as good. So was the drink. Then looking at the little cap once more he asked, "Mind if I take it along? It's kind of a symbol to me of the way America can carry on in wartime." He stuffed the bit of cardboard in the pocket of his olive drab blouse and went away—a boy who appreciates the kind of ingenuity there is in the country for which he's fighting for.

Washington Snapshots

(Continued from Page One)

come from both Houses for the Smith-Connally Act.

The President has authorized the application of specific sanctions against employers, labor unions, and individual workers to enforce compliance with War Labor Board orders. Under the Executive Order setting up the new enforcement policy, Director of Economic Stabilization Fred M. Vinson is directed to apply the penalties after the WLB has reported to him that its orders have not been complied with.

The War Manpower Commission threatens employers and employees who violate the new government employment stabilization program with some drastic penalties. While employees are allowed to accept jobs at higher pay in certain cases, WMC warns that if they take jobs at higher pay in violation of the new regulations, they are subject to $1,000 fine, a year in prison, or both. The same goes for the employer who violates the regulation.

Official figures this week show employment up, earnings up. According to the monthly Labor Force Report of the Department of Commerce, employment in the U. S. reached a new all-time high in July with an estimated total of 54,300,000 workers. Also weekly earnings in all manufacturing industries in June rose 20.1 per cent higher than June 1942, according to the Department of Labor.

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Meatless Meal Magic

Rank prepared mustard high on your roster of flavor aids for wartime foods. For mustard has the very thing your ration hampered cooking needs. Mustard is an urbane flavor. It is a suave sophisticate with a fascinating touch of firebrand concealed beneath its yellow surface.

You can count on the warm, stimulating quality of mustard to add life and zest to meatless meals. Vegetable platters, in particular, are improved by this discriminating condiment. For mustard points up the earthy goodness of a vegetable, and gives a fillip to the flavor that suggests the heft and bulk of meat.

Rice, too, can be converted from a vegetable to main course dish by mixing with a little mustard. Just add onion slivers, some shortening to brown, a trifle of cheese for heft, and pungent prepared mustard. Try both these dishes, so—and see!

Mustard Rice

Wash, draining well—
1 cup uncooked rice.
In—
2 tablespoons shortening
saute until tender, but not brown —
1 small onion cut in thin slices.
Add, stirring over high heat 5 min.—
Rice
2 tablespoons prepared yellow mustard
1¾ teaspoons salt.
Add, then cover—
3 cups boiling water.

Cook rapidly 10 minutes. Reduce heat to low, continue cooking 45 minutes or until rice is tender. Add grated cheese and mix well with rice. Serve hot. Serves 6.

Fried Noodles with Vegetables and Mustard Sauce

Cook as directed on package—
6 oz. (1 pkg.) egg noodles.
Melt—
2 tablespoons fat or meat drippings.
Add and brown—
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs.
Add, mixing well—
Cooked noodles.
In center of platter arrange—
Mound of cooked noodles.
Around noodles place, alternately—
6 whole cooked carrots
1 head cooked cabbage, cut in 6 wedges
3 medium cooked beets, cut in halves.
In saucepan melt—
¼ cup fat.
Add, blending well—
⅓ cup flour.
Add and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened—
2 cups milk.
Add, mixing well—
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne pepper
2 eggs, well beaten
¼ cup distilled white vinegar
2 tablespoons prepared yellow mustard.

Heat and serve over noodles and vegetables. Serves 6.

Mote Cloth

by Picker

Amos (after a narrow escape at a railroad crossing)—"How come you blow yo' hawn? You oughta known it wouldn't do you no good."

Sambo—"Boy, dat wa'n't my hawn. Dat was Gabriel's!"

* * *

The display of fruit looked so tempting that the customer stood bewildered before the cleverly arranged cuonter.

"I'll take two pears, please," said the customer. Then, as the little bag was handed to him, he asked: "How much?"

"Forty cents," said the clerk.

The customer bore the shock bravely. He flashed two quarters. "Keep the change," he said coolly. "I took a grape while you weren't looking."

* * *

Flossie: "What's a military objective?"

Tessie: "Just walk past those soldiers on the corner—you'll find out!"

* * *

"Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get myself another hat."

"I wondered where you got them."

* * *

The cavalry recruit was instructed to bridle and saddle a horse. Ten minutes later the sergeant-major came along for his mount and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head.

"What are you waiting for?" he roared.

"Until he yawns," answered the recruit.

* * *

"Com-pa-nee atten-shun," bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pa-nee, lift your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

By mistake one member held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"And who is the galoot over there, holding up both legs?" shouted the sergeant.

* * *

Innocently unaware of the prejudices held against him, an old colored man, staunchly religious, applied for membership in an exclusive church. The pastor attempted to put him off with all sorts of evasive remarks. The old Negro, instinctively becoming aware that he was not wanted, said finally that he would sleep on it and perhaps the Lord would tell him just what to do.

Several days later, he returned. "Well," asked the minister, "did the Lord send you a message?"

"Yessuh, He did," was the answer. "He told me it wan't no use. He said, 'Ah been trying to get in that same church Myself for ten yeahs and Ah still can't make it'."

Meat Extender —

The procedure of meal planning has changed for most homemakers. Now that many foods are rationed it's no longer "What shall we have?" but rather, "What can we have?"

Here's a meat muffin recipe that is a favorite.

Meat and Macaroni Muffins

½ pound ground smoked ham
½ pound ground pork
2 cups cooked macaroni
2 cups medium cream sauce
1 egg
4 tablespoons drippings
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk.

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Bake in greased muffin pans in moderate oven (350 deg.F) for 45 minutes. Yield: (10-20 small or 6-8 large muffins).

Perplexed By Paucity Of Points? Try Platter Of Cold Meat Cuts

Cold meat platters are one solution for women faced with the problem of stretching red food stamps. At the same time an attractively garnished platter of cold meats will perk up jaded summer appetites. Slices of left-over roast or pot-roast will do for a start, and these may be supplemented with a selection fro mthe cold meat counter.

When buying ready-to-serve meats, consideration should be given to the color combination as well as to the flavor and texture, says Jessie Alice Cline, home economist. It is easy to find garnishes in the summer when vegetables are garden fresh. Cucumber slices, carrots strips, celery curls and radish oses ae only a few of the many vegetables which might be used. Mint leaves ae pleasant with cold sliced lamb.

A large platter or chop plate is ideal for attractive arrangements. It not only allows plenty of room for garnishes, but makes serving easier. A cold meat salad may be used in the center of the round chop plate or platter. Cornucopias rolled from salami or balogna and filled with cabbage slaw or potato salad are most decorative. Ground cooked ham may be mixed with the eg yolk filling for deviled eggs.

For a party, the platter may be more elaborate and the meat slices arranged around a holder into which small cubes of meat on toothpicks are placed. Attractive holders of china and wood are available in many shops, but those made of food are equally interesting. A highly polished eggplant lends its color to the arrangement on a metal tray. The bright yellow or soft green of summer squash looks well against the deep browns of a wooden tray.

For the smaller platters, a bright red apple is ideal. With the exception of the holders, the garnishes used should be edible. With the many demands on the home-maker's time, these garnishes will need to be simple and easily prepared, and always crisp and chilled.

Cold Meat Lunch Box

The variety of cold meats available adds interest to meat sandwiches which are an important part of the lunch box for men and women in defense work. Meat has a "stick to the ribs" quality which makes it of special value. Sandwiches can be as interesting and varied as meat dishes served at home.

Variety is also introduced by different ways of preparation. Here are a few suggestions.

1. Brown slices of ready-to-serve meats in drippings before they are made into sandwiches.

2. Make a liversausage spread by adding a few drops of lemon and onion juice to mashed liver sausage. (This is a delicious spread for rye bread.)

3. Grind balogna or frankfurters with raw carrots and pickles; moisten with mayonnaise or salad dressing. Mustard pickles are very good and the mustard sauce can be used to moisten the spread.

4. Grind left-over meats and add a small quantity of catsup and mustard to give a tangy flavor.

5. Use one slice whole wheat and one slice white bread for variety in appearance.

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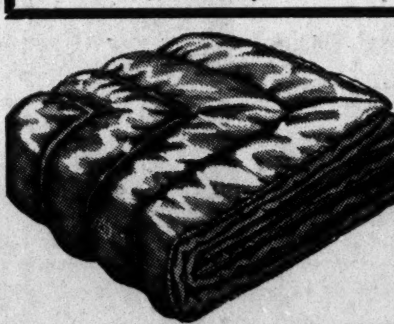

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